

AN AMERICAN ASPIRANT

By JENNIE BULLARD WATERBURY.

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CHAPTER VII.

Judge Delno was peculiarly designated among his constituents "the ablest legal reactionist in New York." He was sternly reserved and uncompromisingly straightforward in his methods, which were refreshingly devoid of that double track system of administering so-called justice wont to be characterized by the latter suffering as "shady" and by its propagators as "only businesslike."

He delighted in nothing so much as the study of human nature.

Studying human nature from a disinterested point of view is one thing. Remark his rise and fall from an interested standpoint is another. Today the distinguished chief justice found himself in an undesirable state of mind, introduced by the latter contingency. He had been forced upon him by an argument he was holding with a suitor for his little daughter's hand—a suitor so carefully in earnest, so perceptibly worthy of a good woman's love, so healthily built morally, mentally and physically, that this past master of character in search found himself at the start prejudiced, a state of things he always at a distance contemplated with outspoken contempt, embodying, as it undoubtedly must, no opportunity for honest and unbiased judgment, but which at close quarters he found contained a force hitherto unaccounted for and hence—this he suddenly acknowledged, to his inward perturbation—almost unmanageable.

Judge Delno never hesitated to express a wholesome aversion toward having "things spun upon him."

This morning "things" had thus agitated his honor with a vengeance. He was smarting with irritability at having been taken unawares and rendered cognizant of an entirely unsuspected affair—first, coolly mastered; second, passed under a microscopic investigation; third, submitted to competent and authoritative experience, and, finally, presented for his own digestion with a precision which was above praise.

The judge had always felt an immense respect for Stormonth, first, because he was a successful man, a man who had overcome obstacles brilliantly and would overcome more obstacles more brilliantly, and, second, because he had rarely met with so honorable and upright a specimen of the not always impeccable genus known as homo.

His own act of saving the Stormonth estate from almost total annihilation had been governed more by his characteristic boldness than by his desire to get even with an unworthy adversary than by any more high minded sentiment.

When the feeble attempt upon his victory had been sent in, he had even been amusedly aware that he was sorry it signified that the fight was over. Although he retired with flying colors from the fray he had honestly regretted that his adversary had not scented, as he had, the promise of a richer development for the opponent than that opponent had suspected. Ultimately he had wondered if he ever would find a contemporary who would see, as he did, two sides of a case with the same lack of prejudice and choose the side which promised the least, just for the sake of experiencing the keen sense of exhilaration attendant upon abstracting a good development from a bad ground plan.

When Stormonth had thanked him, therefore, he had been happy to perceive that the fellow was worth the cause. He had followed him up somewhat to see what he would do with the unexpected wealth thrust upon him.

Stormonth, to his surprise, had met his individual bulldog tenacity with a tenacity which matched it. He had evinced a reserve which ultimately was discovered to contain evidence of uncommon force. He proved that he pretty generally preceded (no matter how manifestly) an adversary's opportunity by outwitting that adversary before the latter had weakened to even an inkling of his power.

This to Delno was a revelation. What to him had been a conscientious study appeared to come to Stormonth as naturally as the flush to a maiden's cheek. What to Delno was an acquisition to Stormonth an intuition. He read new life into the pigeonholes of his memory and brought them out when he needed them with unflinching accuracy to dispose of them with remarkable perspicacity.

But when Stormonth confessed himself in love with Priscilla Judge Delno, manlike, strove to forget personal affection and take what he considered an unbiased view of the situation. To an onlooker this might not have been considered fully as kind as it was just to Stormonth. It at least was fair and square as regarded Priscilla. "Stormonth is too masterful," thought Judge Delno. "He can bully me into saving him his thousands, but if he thinks he is going to bully me into marrying to him my own daughter he is mistaken. He is a fine fellow, a superlatively fine fellow, but, for Jove, a girl's heart must be considered in these matters."

He made the latter statement aloud. "I am precisely of the same opinion, sir," returned Stormonth tersely.

He had returned from Europe the day before, and had run in on his old friend, as he expressed it, "to place the entire lamentable occurrence before him in a nutshell."

"Who asked for your opinion?" demanded the judge testily. He had been confined to the house for a week with influenza and was unusually irritable in consequence. Besides, any father experiences a sense of revolt when a hitherto unconsidered personage, no matter how desirable, presents himself as a possible member of his family.

"The case in point is as follows," announced Stormonth, going straight to the point with his customary ability—an ability which Judge Delno hitherto had never hesitated to land openly, but which today hinted at possibilities in a son-in-law which perhaps might be considered more forcible than agreeable. Stormonth was pacing the room restlessly. His hands were plunged deep into his trousers pockets. His fine head was thrown forward eagerly.

Like a thoroughbred scuttling the hint of a clever patch. His keen eyes mastered everything—the room, the occupant, the warring blizzard outside, the case in point, and his adversary's irritation, which he was observing with that same humorous twinkle in his soul which so often bubbled up and showed itself so pleasantly in his eyes.

"Given," he continued with emphasis, "a French adventurer with a title, and an American girl possessed of a desire, laudable or otherwise, to become a duchess or countess, it is obvious that ten chances to one the bargain is consummated to the entire felicity of all parties concerned." He hit his lip vigorously. His eyes, severely contemptuous, met those of Judge Delno with an unflinching resolve in their depths.

The chief justice was seated in a leather covered armchair, before a blazing fire. Perhaps that was the cause of the flush which overspread his countenance at Stormonth's utterance.

"What do you mean to insinuate?" he stormed.

"I am not 'insinuating,'" replied Stormonth. "I am stating facts. I have good reason to suppose that you are backing up your daughter in this nefarious business."

"Nefarious! is a nefarious word, young man. What do you intend to convey by your so-called facts?"

"Will you have the truth?"

"The sooner the better."

"Miss Mildred Delno, your sister, informed me ten days since," returned Stormonth slowly, with his eyes fixed steadily upon the features of his opponent, "that Mrs. Delno commences this marriage—indeed encourages it."

"It is false!" roared the judge. Then he paused suddenly. All at once it came to him—his wife's recent incomprehensible interest in the French peerage; her poring over French history; her mysterious letters to her daughter; her mysterious hints, vague as intangibles, of coming events which cast their palpable shadows before.

To Judge Delno a foreigner comprised all the exotic capacities of a nineteenth century Mephistopheles, with the element of love for love's sake left out. A foreigner meant to his eyes, thoroughly new world in their outlook, one of those oily specimens of an effete civilization who hang out their signs in lower Sixth avenue, therewith endeavoring to seduce unwary Americans with big lettered promises of a new hair dye warranted to be efficacious as well as healthy and a bloom of youth advertised to contain the innocence of the sucking dove. His true inwardness rose like the crest of a white capped protest on the tidal wave of a visible and acutely to be contested horror.

He rose and reached toward the electric button.

"Is Mrs. Delno at home?" he demanded of the butler who he appeared in answer to his call.

"Yes, sir."

"Wait here, my boy."

Stormonth paced the room restlessly for a few moments. Then he turned toward the door curiously as it fell open after its minutes' dragging pace of time. Judge Delno entered. His lips were sternly compressed and his features, as usual, impenetrable, but Stormonth recognized the signs of a stormy interview in the perpendicular lines between his eyes and his curt "To continue with the business in hand."

He approached Stormonth slowly. His shaggy eyebrows were bent. His massive head was a trifle bowed. "It appears to me," he remarked, "that in spite of ourselves we will be obliged to look upon you as a savior, Stormonth."

"It is only what I love you, sir."

"That, too! Out with it! Have you declared yourself to my daughter?"

Stormonth grew a little stern about the lips. "Your daughter knows," he said, "that I love her with all my soul; that from the first moment I set eyes upon her face I had but one desire, as far as she was concerned. That desire was to protect, to shield and to deserve her. Unhappily, I have not been able to conceal my utter disgust over this lamentable affair. She construes it, quite unjustly, into an evidence of jealousy. You would hardly do me that injustice could you witness the personality of your illustrious would-be son-in-law, with whom she appears so incomprehensibly infatuated."

"Have you told Priscilla that you love her?"

"I have."

"Have you asked her to be your wife?"

"Yes."

"And what was her response?"

"She said she did not know whether she cared for me or not; that at times she thought she did, but at other times she was almost sure she did not; that she was very young; that she would rather sing than marry."

"The average New York woman of today," remarked Judge Delno blandly, "is more or less of an enigma—principally woman. It cannot be denied that the wise woman is the who knows what she wants and gets it. Singularly enough, however, what woman gets matrimonially she has been known to discover later to be far from what she wanted. To sum it all up, what have you learned?"

"This," returned Stormonth without a moment's hesitation. "Were the Count de Lacaze what he pretended to be, I should not interfere. I object now, not from the standpoint of an unappreciated suitor who desires vengeance, but as a man who is desirous that neither you nor any member of your family should be swindled by a mere French adventurer."

"His title—is it a bogus one?"

"No. The title is bona fide as far as it goes. In France it exemplifies a great name disgraced by its inheritors—a name used for illicit extortions on the plea of forthcoming remunerations—briefly, a fine estate eaten up by a swarm of unappreciated creditors. The de Lacaze name has been forfeited. The property is confiscated, and any former magnificence is a truth 40 years in the past—a past which appears to be the strongest part of the present count's make-up. Further, I have positive proof that you are to be vilely deceived. There is a man in the hall who will confirm my statements. Have I your permission to ring for him to be sent in?"

"By all means," Judge Delno acquiesced.

In a few seconds a man was ushered across the threshold. He looked like a private watchman in citizen's clothes. "You are prepared," began Stormonth concisely, his strong, handsome hand nervously playing with a paper cutter which lay on the table beside him, "to confirm all you said to me yesterday?"

"I am, sir." The voice was unexpectedly refined in its enunciation. It's owner's countenance was full of character, but permeated with unusual bitterness. The brow was fine and broad. His features were heavy and morose. His expression was somewhat defiant. He had a shock of auburn hair, and a thick, crisp natural beard. He was about 40 years of age and seemed like a countryman in spite of his palpable familiarity with city methods.

"My friend Judge Delno," said Stormonth slowly, indicating the judge with the paper cutter and speaking clearly, as though desirous of impressing the messenger with the importance of strict honesty in his forthcoming statement, "is deeply interested in the matter concerning which you and I conversed so exhaustively last night."

The messenger from Brown's agency nodded comprehensively.

"I have here," he began, after a low interchange of words with Stormonth, "a letter from a man who signs himself Desmoulins of the Echir—supposed to be a French daily."

Judge Delno nodded silently. Then he asked:

"What is your excuse for turning state's evidence?" The question blazed forth unexpectedly like a streak of lightning which carries the promise of blackest thunder at its back.

The messenger flushed hotly. "If your honor will permit," he said, quietly, his eyes gleaming ominously, "I will not answer that question until we have dismissed the subject under fire."

Judge Delno was guilty of an unpremeditated look of surprise. He welcomed courage in any form whatsoever, even when sometimes it was brought to bear upon him to his own discomfort.

"Continue."

"I have here instructions from the aforesaid Desmoulins which read as follows: 'The messenger stepped forward to lay an envelope within Judge Delno's hands.'

But the judge checked him peremptorily. "Read it," said he.

The messenger stepped back, drew forth the contents of the envelope and cleared his throat.

"I came into possession of this paper," he explained, "through an old circumstance—fortunately for you, sir," turning to Stormonth. "A man was run over by a horse yesterday on Broadway. When we picked him up, he was still breathing, but he died an hour after he reached the hospital. He has since been identified as a porter at the Brevoort House. His papers were handed to me by the coroner. I promised to forward his interests in reference to getting word of him back to his friends in France. Two years ago I ran up against this man in Battery park. He was a greenhorn, but landed; he did not speak a word of English. I put him in the way of getting some work. Singular enough that I should be on hand to witness his death. Among his other papers I found the inclosed, which I took the liberty of deciphering. The business it treated of seemed to be something in my line." Then, turning toward Judge Delno, "The morning after," he continued, "Mr. Stormonth called at my office and put some questions to me. But first I will read you the contents of this letter."

"Find," he read, "the record of the young woman's antecedents, the amount of her parents' capital and her family's inclination and social status. Is the old man glib? Is the mamma to be coerced out of her ducats? Will the filthy here be forthcoming when the big more is made? De Lacaze is up to his ears in debt. He desires a wife with a big lot. If her antecedents are a little off color, so much the better. De Lacaze can then hold the whip hand and threaten exposure if his demands are not met with. The young woman's name is Priscilla Delno, her address 49 West Fifty-fifth street. I have had it translated, sir, by a man in my office. The letter is written in French."

"That will do," interrupted Judge Delno. "And your answer to this nefarious plot?"

"Wait a moment," broke in Stormonth's voice. "I wish you to understand first how I came into the knowledge that this transaction existed. There is a waiter at Durand's restaurant in Paris who flourishes under the sobriquet of 'The Rat.' He is like quicksilver in his movements and is in perpetual demand because of his talent for amassing all the news, social, political and so forth, in a nutshell and rebelling it to his clients in an undertone as he administers to their wants. He has the eye of the proverbial hawk, a tongue which is polished like the sharpest razor, and a wit which is famous. I have fed him heavily for a long time, but because I found him unique, and unique amusement cannot be too highly remunerated, and also because it appeared to me he might be rendered valuable ultimately in some unsuspected manner. Whether or no he held a grudge against Desmoulins for a skit as clever as unwise, which recently appeared in the columns of the Echir against 'The Rat,' warning all stay at home Parisians against him as a spy of the most dangerous caliber, I cannot tell. The fact remains. He set before me, with admirable condemnation, the plot which Dossie there"—indicating the messenger—"holds as documentary evidence against the opposition party. He denounced Desmoulins as an adventurer and De Lacaze as the type of titled libertine who is robbing us of our record of common sense who at the same time filling France's mints at America's expense. I looked up Desmoulins. You know my tendency to lattle with fraud whether it concerns me personally or otherwise. I discovered that the Desmoulins of the Echir and the Desmoulins of the Pension Picard were one and the same, that De Lacaze was the nobleman in question, and that your daughter was the young woman in particular. I took the next steamer for home. I called at Brown's agency. Dossie will tell you the rest."

Dossie raised his eyes. They had been discreetly veiled. They were steel blue in color, with a fearless light in them that belied the other features of their

owner's countenance, whose expression of snugg impregnability had been worn for so long a period that it had become almost second nature.

"The letter found me," he stated firmly, "just on the eve of a mental and moral crisis. I had made up my mind to quit unceremoniously for pay. Brown's is a necessity. It is Brown's affair, not mine, whether he conducts his business on a basis of honesty or on a basis of fraud. I have done many a scurvy trick since I threw in my lot with him, dirty work for dirty pay. I could not see the old people starving while dreaming my dreams of carrying on a model farm. This was a contrast with a vengeance. Singularly enough, only yesterday something rose up within me against sinking so low as Brown. I remembered a day when I knew men who took the brain and the brawn out of me in their service only to put it back sounder instead of weaker. I made

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up my mind to work for men like that or else go back to my farming. I had rather weed in honest dirt than ferret out human villainess. Planting potatoes is comparative rectitude. Incubating crime, more, aiding and abetting is by putting into the hands of its perpetrators the faculty to score its innocent victims through means as unendured as cowardly, is the work of beasts, not of men. I had farmed my mind as well as my body. My father caught and sold blackish night and day for 40 years to earn the money which was to buy me a college education. It occurred to me that I had better farm my morals and let my financial profits go. In short, I bolted. Mr. Stormonth did the rest. I became to him a straightforward way, and put questions at me as though he expected me to return him truth for truth. My customers are very rarely of that class. They are pretty generally of the species traitor, sent out from great houses to do their dirty work for them, and forbidden to betray their purpose, their identity or themselves in the process. With Mr. Stormonth I suddenly discovered myself answering truth for truth. I was in the anomalous position of keeping with him toward the total annihilation of Brown and his crew. I liked it.

"Where were you born?" demanded the chief justice.

"On Long Island, sir, at New Suffolk."

"How much does Brown pay you?"

"According to the work I do. The dirtier the work the bigger the pay."

"H'm," remarked his honor grimly. "Anybody would take you for a reporter on a cheap daily."

"It's just about that, sir."

"Anything more?" asked Stormonth.

Dossie hesitated. A dark purple flush rose slowly and covered his strong, sunburned face. He lifted his right hand for a moment and drew it awkwardly across his lips. "I remembered," he said finally, nervously turning his cap about in his fingers, "when I read the name of Miss Priscilla Delno, a girl I knew once, some seven or eight years ago, when I got back from college and went to farming on the old place. Her father's house stood next to ours. We were neighbors. She used to come and lean over the bars of the fence which separated one of our meadows from his father's and chat with me as I drove my horse to the plow. Then she went off to school. At that school she wrote me that she met a girl with whom she struck up a great friendship. The name of her friend was Delno. I wondered whether it could be the same. On the strength of that doubt I decided."

"What was your sweetheart's name?"

"Constantine Brandford."

"Did she sing?" questioned Stormonth suddenly and violently.

"Like a bird, sir," said Dossie a trifle huskily. "There was not a trifle within ten miles could hold his own with her. But she had a taste for the world. She had no use for a simple countryman like me. She went to Europe. I have never seen her since. Her people all died. Their estate was sold at auction."

"By Jove!" cried Stormonth.

He stepped forward gayly, to Judge Delno's supreme amazement, and laid his powerful hand upon the dejected shoulders of Brown's messenger.

"I say, Dossie," said he, "come into my service, will you?"

"With all my heart, sir. In what capacity?"

"Oh, hang the capacity!" laughed



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Stormonth. "Companion, if you like, I am off to France tomorrow night. The judge found me a week later."

Judge Delno gasped slightly, strove to speak and then listened attentively. "I have a mind, Dossie, to show you the world."

"Yes, sir."

"A wild desire, my good friend Dossie, to introduce you to the land of art and song."

"You are too good, sir," Dossie was regarding Stormonth with a bewilderment stare.

"I will present you to a singer, I promise you," continued Stormonth, "who will put your heart back sounder than when she found it, as you so eloquently say. Take the Long Island boat tonight for New Suffolk. Bid goodby to the old folks. Pack up your toys and meet me at pier No. 43, North river, at noon tomorrow."

"I will, sir."

"Now be off. Oh, I say, stuff that messive from Desmoulins into your grip-sack, will you? We may have need of it."

"I will, sir."

"And now," continued Stormonth, when the door had closed, turning gayly to the judge, who had been a silent witness of the foregoing scene, "and now, my good friend, we will light a couple of cigars while we lay our plans together, eh? The lines have fallen in our way with a vengeance. Shall we pull them together?" He laughed gleefully.

Judge Delno met his triumphant glance with one equally flashing. His lips set firmly in the line which was dreamed by his opposing countenance as exemplifying invulnerable determination.

"Stormonth," he shouted, "there is not a colleague on the bench who does not fear me when my blood is up."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TOLD BY THE CIRCUS MAN.

A Little Trick of the Circus That Used to Please the People Mightily.

"Some of the feats and tricks of one sort and another performed in shows that look so wonderful," said an old circus man, "are really as simple as rolling off a log, if you only know how they are done. We used to have a clown at one time who was also a very good acrobat, and he was humorous in his antics as well as in his speech, and everybody liked him. He always wore a black mustache, with the ends neatly waxed and corkscrewed, and one of the funniest things he did depended for its success on these waxed ends of his mustache."

After an unusually intricate piece of foolery that called for a good deal of exertion, he would pause, panting, in the ring, and turn to the ring master. "Well, I'd give a dollar and a quarter," he would say to the ring master, "for a bottle of soda water."

"Why, you shall have a bottle for nothing," the ring master says, and he sends a clown for a bottle of soda water, who comes back in a minute with a bottle and a glass on a tray.

"But where's the corkscrew?" the clown asks, picking up the bottle and holding it up clear of the tray and looking all around on it. "There's no corkscrew."

"What's the matter with your mustache for a corkscrew?" says the ring master, the whole audience looking on perfectly still. And before you could think, the clown would swing the bottle up with the cork against the point of one end of his mustache—he'd practiced that so that he never missed it—and drive it on to the point, and then in almost the same motion—there was never any halt in the action from the beginning to the end of the whole thing—he'd begin turning the bottle on to his mustache until the point was buried in the cork, and then he'd give the bottle a yank and pull it free and carry it to his lips and drink, leaving the cork impaled on the end of his mustache. He'd drink half the soda water, toss the bottle at the ring master, have the cork off his mustache in a jiffy, and toss that at the groom standing there waiting with the tray, and then turn a cartwheel while the whole audience doubled up with laughter. Why, it used to tickle 'em half to death."

"And it was all done in the simplest, easiest way in the world. The two waxed ends were really two corkscrew tips projecting out beyond his mustache and joining under it in a good stout holder firmly held between the teeth."

Electrical Thermometer.

A direct reading electrical thermometer is now being constructed in Germany, which makes use of the principle of the direct reading ohm-meter, where two crossed coils are free to rotate in a strong non-homogeneous magnetic field. In circuit with one of the coils is the temperature wire, corresponding to the unknown resistance in the ohm-meter, while connected with the other is a resistance of fixed value. A platinum wire is used for high temperatures, and one of "nickel" where the heat is less intense. The instrument is able to indicate temperatures varying from 1,200 degrees C. to below 0-degrees C. It may be left in circuit continuously, and requires .03 amperes current at about five volts.

"I'm ahead of my class today, pa."

"So? How did that happen?"

"Well, the teacher gave us 'Cervara' to spell. The nine fellows ahead of me failed, but I did old Cervara up, and the teacher advanced me ten numbers."—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Hayrick. "Do you think my daughter will be a musician?"

Professor. "I can't say. She may. She tells me she's got a long-lived family."

INDIAN TROUBLES.

Absence of News as to the Bear Island Situation.

General French's Commanded. A. H. French, N. E. of the Indian Reservation, has been ordered to leave the island. The Indian situation is quiet, but word has arrived from the agency that the Indians have broken out and the authorities have no control over them, and fear there will be more bloodshed.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS.

SATURDAY, OCT. 1.

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WEDNESDAY, OCT. 5.

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THE BROWN STONE

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Every barrel sold on trial. Elgin Creamery Butter, the best. Beans, N. Y. State. A most remarkably good Tea, Formosa or English Breakfast. Baker's Breakfast Cocoa. Van Houten's Cocoa. California Prunes. Raisins, Loosio Macosato. An elegant rich, sweet Wine, Port or Sherry.

BEADLETON & WOEZEL
"Imperial" Malt Beer,
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P. H. HORGAN,
TELEPHONE.
224 THAMES STREET.

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Electric Light, Electric Power, Electric Supplies, Incandescent and Arc Lamp Electric Motors, Electric Fans, Fixtures and Shades. Residences, stores and offices wired for and lighted by INCANDESCENT ELECTRIC LIGHT at lowest rates.

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"Palm Ole" Olives (Stuffed.)

Frostene, Reliable Flour.

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An excellent title

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126 Thames street.

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OLDEN TIMES

by the late

THOMAS R. HAZARD (Shepherd Tom)

containing a history of the

Robinson, Hazard & Sweet

FAMILIES.

271 THAMES STREET.

H. D. SPOONER

—20—

TAILOR,

Removed

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP existing between Gardner B. Reynolds and John A. Bradford, both of Newport, Rhode Island, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All persons indebted to the said co-partnership are hereby requested to make payment to Gardner B. Reynolds, and all persons having claims against said co-partnership are requested to present them to Gardner B. Reynolds for settlement.

GARDNER B. REYNOLDS, FREDERICK A. BRADFORD, Newport, R. I., July 15, 1883-23

